

LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 6, NO. 47.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1859.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE--Martin's Row, on Door South
of the Post-Office.

Terms of Subscription to the Gazette.

Two Dollars per year, payable within the year.

Subscriptions taken for any length of time at the
above rates.

No paper will be furnished until all arrears are
paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

All communications for a shorter period than one
year, must be paid in advance.

Terms of Advertising.

One square, (10 lines or less) insertion..... \$1.00

Each additional insertion..... 25

Advertisements for a longer period than one
month, charged at the above rates.

3 Months..... 2.50

6 Months..... 4.50

12 Months..... 8.00

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The Loved and Lost.

Time hath no power to bear away,
This image from my heart;

No scars that mark life's onward way
Can bid it hence depart.

Yet, while our souls with anguish riven,
Sorrow, loved and lost for thee;

We raise our tearful eyes to Heaven,
And say that thou art free.

We smile the fond illusion dear
That gathers round our hearts;

We listen still thy voice to hear
Amid our household mirth;

We gaze upon thy vacant chair;
Thy form we seem to see;

We start to find thou art not there;
Fond memories of thee.

But would we call thee back again?
We joy that thou art free.

A thousand old familiar things,
Within our childhood's home,

Speak of the cherished, absent one
Who never more shall come;

They wake with mingled bliss and pain;
Fond memories of thee.

But would we call thee back again?
We joy that thou art free.

Amid earth's conflict, woe and care,
When our dark path appears,

'Tis sweet, to know that thou canst not share
Our anguish and our tears;

That on thy head no sorrow shall fall
Which thou wert not to see;

Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free.

For thou hast gained a brighter land,
And death's cold stream is passed;

Thine are the joys at God's right hand,
That shall everlast.

A crown is on thy angel brow,
Thine the King's robes are;

Thine home is with the seraphim now--
We joy that thou art free!

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming! The fluttering wings
And musical throats of the little birds

me so, when I raised my window this
morning, to catch a breath of the early

spring. 'Spring is coming,' thrilled out
those well-known favorites, in manly

blue and bosoms so red. Yea the blue
birds have come again. Two of them

held a long council this morning, sitting
on the same box, where last we watched

them through their busy days.

'Spring is coming,' sang out rob in red
breast, and the phebe bird, and their son,

came like the glad music of some well-re-

membered favorite air. 'Spring is com-

ing,' warbled a meadow lark, as I started
from the long dry grass in the meadow

to-day.

Spring is coming, and the blue smoke
rolls away from more than one sugar-camp

fire in the country; for the beautiful
maple gives out their very lives for our

complex and luxury--our first luxury--the
maple syrup, coming before the earliest

salad, or berry. Soon the tops of these
very maples will shine out, all aglow with

the bright red tinge of their earliest bloom
so fresh and pleasing.

Spring is coming! and soon the orchards
will fill the air with their rich perfume,

and carpet their houses with wreaths, and
bouquets of pink and white, most fascinat-

ing wrought upon a rich, green ground
work.

Spring is coming! The life-bursling
buds of the lilacs and cherry trees tell us so.

The sunny days and south winds tell us so.

Let us patiently wait, for winter still lingers
near. Only yesterday I saw the flutter of

its white garments in the distance, as it

seemed back upon us once more a slight man-

dle of its white purity--only a reminder,
that we may not quite forget. This in-

constant March; there is none other like
her--she comes to us so gradually.

Three steps she trips it onward, all smiles
and blushes, so gentle and yielding, we

think she is ours; then, suddenly she turns,
and we mourn her waywardness, as we

look out upon the wild reveries of the
bleak north winds, the curious frost-freaks,

and the winter's snow. But the birds still
linger, and their songs come down from

the bare leafless trees, like gleams of sun-

shine from a victory sky.

And spring is coming. My heart tells
me so, as I look forth upon the brown

earth. Nature will awaken. It shall live
again; soon its unnumbered pulses shall

beat and throb with its mighty never-fail-

ing life. So shall our bodies live again af-

ter the long winter's sleep. Spring is
coming!--ANNA LEE, Maple Hill,

Tallmadge, March 7th.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.--The Norfolk

papers notice the death in that city, of a

colored female named Sarah Mallory, who

at the time of her death was in her hun-

dred and twentieth year.

Her youngest child attended her funeral

as the last of the family; his back is bent

and his locks frosted o'er with snows of

seventy-seven winters. She never used

glass, and to the day of her death could

thread a needle as readily and easy as ever.

Her remains were enclosed in a neat ma-

bogany coffin, on the top of which were

the initials "S. M. E. 120." They were

followed to the grave by a large number

of both colors. Around the bier were

six venerable negro men, who with a

white sack across their shoulders noted as

pull bearers; behind were twenty-four old

colored ladies; many of them possibly three

score and ten years of age, who were attired

in black dresses, black caps, with three

rows of white ribbon around, and lead col-

ored chip bonnets, with white curtain,

trimmed with three rows of black tape,

then followed several carriages; while

crowds followed out to see the last of this

old lady who had lived out six score years.

The Post-Office Appropriation Failure.

The failure of the Post Office Appropria-

tion Bill, as our readers are aware, is due

solely to the obstinate persistence of

Senator Toombs, in maintaining a point of

parliamentary etiquette. In our judg-

ment, he is clearly in the wrong as to the

mere technicality insisted on. Were it

otherwise, he certainly took upon him-

self a serious responsibility in defeating a

necessary appropriation on such a flimsy

ground. No important principle was in-

volved. It was a question of courtesy, of

form, of nice and trivial construction

merely. Mr. Toombs thought the House

did not show quite the proper degree of

respect for the august body to which he

belonged, and that an unwarrantable limita-

tion was put upon its powers by the refusal

of the House to recognize the right of the

Senate either to tack a revenue clause upon

a bill of the House, or to originate a

revenue measure by a bill of its own.

The House did right to insist on compli-

ance with the requirements of the Consti-

tution in this respect, and to "shut down"

on an attempt to evade its plain spirit and

intent. This abuse on the part of the

Senate, in smuggling in revenue clauses as

amendments to bills entirely distinct, has

existed quite too long. The check was

timely.

The resolution of Mr. Grow, asserting

the constitutional doctrine on this subject

passed the House by a vote of 117 to 76.

Of course it had the votes of many demo-

crats. This action, however, did not prop-

erly interfere with the Post-Office Appropria-

tion Bill. The Senate had appended to

that bill an amendment raising the rates of

letter postage, to five and ten cents, and

materially increasing that upon printed

matter. The House refused to act on

this, for constitutional reasons, as explained

in their resolution. It was also well

that this amendment would have been vot-

ed down on its own merits--that it stood

on a chance whatever of passing the

House. In order to save the Post Office

appropriation, a bill was promptly passed,

containing all the other provisions of that

which came from the Senate, except this

unanimous consent at that late stage of the

session, under the rules, to secure it a

hearing. All Senators fully understood

that the two houses were at variance about

a mere technicality only, and that, in

point of fact, the Senate did not concede

the principle asserted by the House, in sav-

ing the bill on the proposed terms.

Save Mr. Toombs, with perhaps two or

three Southern associates, the Senate was

unanimous for taking up the bill. His ob-

stinacy and shallow caprice caused its de-

feat.

So thoroughly sectional has the reman-

ent of Democracy become, that Mr. Toombs

receives no rebuke from the party

leaders or presses in general. Had a

Northern Democrat done this mischievous

act--Mr. Proun, for instance, or Mr. Do-

berman--he would have encountered a

storm of denunciation which would have

only ceased with his retirement from pub-

lic life. But Northern Democrats are a

meek race. They live upon Southern in-

dulgence and favor, and are ready to kiss

the hand that most savagely smites them.

The failure of the Post Office appropria-

tion, for aught we can see, must pretty

effectually block the wheels of that depar-

tment, unless an extra session is called for

at an early day. Already there is a defi-

ciency of from three to four millions of

dollars. Even the receipts for postage,

unless the commissions of postmasters,

cannot be appropriated to the expenses of

the department, after the 30th of June.

These receipts are required to be paid into

the Treasury, along with those from the

other sources of the national income, and

cannot be paid without an express provision

of law.

To the perverse caprice of Hon. ROMNEY

TOOMBS of Georgia, let it be remembered,

the country owes the pleasure of being in

this delightful predicament.--CIN. GAZ.

Mrs. Stubs and Mr. Stubs.

Correct views of the former:--"Fabs, I

want to talk to you a while, and I want

you to listen while I do it. You want to

go to sleep, but I don't; I'm not one of

the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for